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ment. The day for this will not arrive without convulsions to the civilized world, by which we should be any thing but gainers, and much as we deplore the abuses existing in that country we think that they cannot be healed without a revolution, which should drench in blood the land of our fathers.

Ἀλλά με τεθνεῖῶτα χυτὴ κατὰ γαῖα καλύπτοι

Πρὶν γ' ἔτι σῆς τε βῆς, σοῦ θ' ἐκληθμοῖο πυθέσθαι.

ART. XXII.—*Anecdotes of the Revolutionary War in America, with Sketches of Character of persons the most distinguished, in the Southern States, for Civil and Military Services. By Alexander Garden, of Lee's Partisan Legion; Aid-de-Camp to Major General Greene: and honorary member to the Historical Society of New York. Charleston, S. C. E. A. Miller; 1822.*

THE perusal of the title page and index of this work, must be alone sufficient to excite a strong interest in its contents. It is principally composed of memoirs of those individuals, who distinguished themselves by their conduct in civil or military life, in the southern states, during the American revolution. It is written by one who shared in the achievements and sufferings of that contest, who was an eye witness to the facts which he relates, or derived his information concerning them from sources of the highest respectability. In his choice of subjects he has confined himself neither to rank nor sex, nor party, and his sketches of character are drawn with a moderation and a liberality, which, were all other evidence wanting, would alone be strong proof of his general correctness. That he has never been misinformed, or that all which he relates is equally interesting, is more than we shall venture to assert: but we remember no collection of anecdotes, which seems to have been formed with more discrimination. The style is distinguished for the most part by unaffected liveliness. The author seems every where to have a just sense of the real importance of the facts which he communicates, and leaves them to speak for themselves without vainly striving to enhance their value by a labored pomposity of diction.

With his sentiments and opinions in general we heartily coincide. We deeply regret, however, the terms in which he speaks on the subject of duelling, a practice which certainly

stands in need of no encouragement, and think the anecdote of the combat between general Cadwalader and general Conway, at least utterly superfluous. Whether an individual can be expected to stem the steady and strong current of opinion which sanctions this species of homicide, in some parts of the United States, is, with many, a pretty difficult question, but whether the question itself be otherwise than absurd, is, we think, no question at all. We object also to the author's remarks on the effects of peace on the soldier's consequence in society, not only because we deny their correctness, but because they may be construed into a reflection upon the conduct of our own country, which we are sure was altogether unintended.

In page fourth of the introduction, there are some severe censures on the preference given in our systems of education, to ancient history over that of our own country. We do not deny either the superior importance of the latter, or the mortifying fact that it is much too imperfectly known to Americans in general. This defect, however, is probably owing to other causes than any fault in our plans of instruction. If Livy and Thucydides are more studied in our schools and colleges, than any historian of our revolution, it is principally because they are written in languages which should be acquired at some time or other, and cannot well be understood without the aid of an instructor. The study of history, *as such*, is almost wholly left, and we will add, unavoidably, to voluntary industry, and is pursued to a considerable extent, by our well educated youth, in their intervals of leisure. That our own annals seldom receive their due share of attention, is owing chiefly to the simple circumstance, (upon which we shall not dilate) that the most important works are not always the most interesting.

As a specimen of our author's style of portraying character, we quote a few remarks on general Marion, who seems to be, with good reason, a particular favorite.

‘What greater praise can be bestowed on his character, than to say—and where is there a man that will deny its justice—that to the most exalted sentiments, he united the most charming simplicity of manners; and to the courage of a soldier, an inexhaustible fund of humanity. Of his pre-eminent ability as a partisan officer, successfully opposing an active and enterprising enemy, with an inferiority of force that is scarcely credible, there can exist no doubt. He entered the field without men, without resources of any kind, and at a period, when a great proportion of the inhabitants of the district in which he commanded, either from a conviction of the

inutility of resistance, or the goadings of unceasing persecution, had made their submission to the enemy. To concealment, he was indebted for security—and stratagem supplied the place of force. Yet always on the alert—striking where least expected—retiring when no advantage could be hoped for by exposure, he progressively advanced in the career of success, till a superiority was obtained that put down all opposition. Far more disposed essentially to benefit his country, than to give, by brilliant enterprise, increase to his own military reputation, his first care was the preservation of the troops whom he commanded, by studiously avoiding an unnecessary hazard of their lives. It was this prudential conduct, that so frequently occasioned a temporary retirement into fastnesses, where pursuit was rarely ventured on, and if persisted in, invariably attended with discomfiture and disgrace. But, did occasion invite to victory—did carelessness in command, or the idea of security arising from distance put the enemy, though but for an instant, off their guard—the rapidity of his movements, the impetuosity of his attacks never failed to render the blow inflicted decisive, and their destruction complete. Victory afforded additional claim to applause. Giving the rein to the most intrepid gallantry, and in battle exhibiting all the fire and impetuosity of youth, there never was an enemy who yielded to his valor, who had not cause to admire and eulogize his subsequent humanity. The strictness of the discipline invariably maintained, prevented every species of irregularity among his troops. His soul was his country's; his pride, the rigid observance of her laws; his ambition to defend her rights, and preserve immaculate her honor and her fame.

‘Of his military prowess, innumerable instances crowd upon my memory. But before I attempt to detail them, I would gladly speak of his uniform forbearance, tenderness and attention to the unfortunates, who had, in the unguarded moments of despondency, swerved from the strict line of duty, and appeared to have forgotten the devotion pledged to their country. He was never heard to upbraid them. He sought not by the exercise of implacable resentment to drive them to desperation. He knew the frailty of human nature, and made proper allowances for it. He was sensible that many an individual, to save his family from the impending encroachments of absolute want—to protect them under the ravages of disease, likely to rob him of the children of his affection, the wife of his bosom, his friends, his fortune—had reluctantly given his promise of submission, while every sentiment of his heart, every wish that it cherished, was in unison, and coincided with the patriotic principles of his country. He blamed their errors, but attempted not to correct them by coercion. The impolicy of the enemy he justly counted upon as a powerful auxiliary, and making mercy and gentleness the guides of his conduct, by the suavity

and conciliation of his manners, not only reconciled them to themselves, and revived the hopes of a pardon despaired of, but added greater increase to the strength of the armies of his country than could have been obtained by the most decisive victory.

‘I shall close my eulogy with one anecdote, which I consider highly characteristic of his unerring virtue. A friend, to whom he was attached by the warmest affection, who had shared all his dangers, had transgressed the law by refusing to submit to the regular process of justice, hoping, by the interposition of friends, and his high reputation, to escape censure. “Deliver yourself,” said Marion, “into the hands of the sheriff; submit to be conducted to gaol, and my hand and heart are yours. Refuse to do so, and trust, by the influence of friendship, to elude justice, and the line of separation is forever drawn betwixt us.”

Much as has been written on the life of general Greene, we have no where seen his most peculiar merit so happily pointed out, as in the following remark of the Chevalier de la Luzerne.

‘Other generals subdue their enemy by the means with which their country or sovereign furnishes them; but Greene appears to subdue his enemy by his own means. He commenced his campaign, without either an army, provisions or military stores. He has asked for nothing since; and yet, scarcely a post arrives from the south, that does not bring intelligence of some new advantage gained over the foe. He conquers by magic. History furnishes no parallel to this.’

We have already observed that our author’s remarks are confined principally to the citizens of the southern states. He has also given us many novel and interesting particulars relating to the conduct of the British army and its leaders. Of many of these he speaks in terms of high praise, and of all, as far as we can judge, with perfect fairness. It is peculiarly gratifying to every friend of our country to find, that while doing justice to the citizens of his own state, he displays no weak and unfounded local prejudices against the inhabitants of others. The little which he says of his northern brethren is highly liberal and friendly. The following is the only remark which we recollect to have found, on the character of our New England soldiery :

‘The Irish and northern soldiers, though insensible of danger in the field, were more than all others subject to despondency, insomuch that it was constantly said, “Let a Yankee or an Irishman say *I will die*, and all medical aid might be withheld, since *die he would*.”’

We shall conclude our extracts by the following amusing story of Michael Docherty.

‘MICHAEL DOCHERTY.

‘The character of the soldier of fortune, so inimitably well drawn, and which constitutes the chief merit of the popular tale, “A Legend of Montrose,” has been considered altogether imaginary, and the careless facility with which he changed sides, and embraced opposite principles, regarded as the sportive invention of the author’s brain. I will briefly relate the adventures of a sentinel in the continental service, as received from his own lips, and leave it to my readers to determine whether the character of Dalgetty, “though it never did, might not have existed.”

‘At the moment of retreat, on the 12th of May, 1782, when colonel Laurens, commanding the light troops of general Greene’s army, beat up the quarters of the enemy near Accabee, Michael Docherty, a distinguished soldier of the Delawares, said to a comrade who was near—“by Jasus, it does my heart good to think that little blood has been spilt this day, any how, and that we are likely to see the close of it without a fight” No notice was taken of his speech at the time, but meeting him shortly after in camp, I inquired, “how *he*, who was so much applauded for uncommon gallantry, should have expressed so great delight on finding the enemy indisposed for action.” “And who, besides myself, had a better right to be pleased, I wonder,” said Docherty. “Wounds and captivity have no charms for me, and Michael has never yet fought, but as bad luck would have it, *both* have been his portion. When I give you a little piece of the history of my *past life*, you will give me credit for my wish to be careful of the *part that is to come*. I was unluckily from the jump. At the battle of Brandywine, acting as sergeant of a company in the Delaware regiment, my captain killed, and lieutenant absenting himself from the field for the greater safety of his mother’s son, I fought with desperation till our ammunition was expended, and my comrades being compelled to retire, I was left helpless and wounded on the ground, and fell into the hands of the enemy. Confinement was never agreeable to me. I could never be *aisy* within the walls of a prison. A recruiting sergeant of the British, who was at home in his business, and up to all manner of cajolery, by dint of perpetual blarney, gained my good will, slipped the king’s bounty into my hand, which I pocketed, and entered a volunteer into the 17th regiment. Stoney Point was our station, and I thought myself snugly out of harm’s way, when one ugly night, when I did not even dream of such an accident, the post was carried at the point of the bayonet, and an unlucky thrust laid me prostrate on the earth. It was a great consolation, however, although this was rather rough treatment from the hand of a friend, that the Old Delawares were covered with glory, and that as their prisoner, I was sure to meet the kindest attention. My wound once cured, and white-washed of my sins, my ancient comrades received me with

kindness; and light of heart, and hoping to gain any quantity of laurels in the south, I marched forward with the regiment, as a part of the command, destined to recover the Carolinas and Georgia. The bloody battle of Camden, fought on the 16th of August, bad luck to the day, brought me once again into trouble. Our regiment was cut up root and branch, and poor Pilgarlic, my unfortunate self, wounded and made prisoner. My prejudices against a jail I have frankly told, and being pretty confident that I should not a whit better relish a lodging in the inside of a prison-ship, I once again suffered myself to be persuaded, and listed in the infantry of Tarleton's Legion. O, botheration, what a mistake. I never before had kept such bad company; as a man of honour, I was out of my *element*, and should certainly have given them leg bail, but that I had no time to brood over my misfortunes, for the battle of the Cowpens quickly following, Howard and Old Kirkwood gave us the bayonet so handsomely, that we were taken one and all, and I should have escaped unhurt, had not a dragoon of Washington's added a scratch or two to the account already scored on my unfortunate carcass. As to all the miseries that I have since endured, afflicted with a scarcity of every thing but appetite and mosquitoes, I say nothing about them. My love for my country gives me courage to support that, and a great deal more when it comes. I love my comrades, and they love Docherty. Exchanging kindnesses, we give care to the dogs; but surely you will not be surprised, after all that I have said, that I feel *some qualms* at the thought of battle, since, take *whatever* side I will, I am always sure to find it the *the wrong one*.' "

This work is disfigured by typographical errors, too numerous and glaring to be passed over unnoticed. It does not, in this respect, appear to have received common attention from the printers.



ART. XXIII.—'Η καὶνὴ Διαθήκη. *Novum Testamentum Græce, ex recensione Jo. Jac. Griesbachii, cum selecta lectionum varietate. Lipsiæ, G. J. Göschen, 1805. Cantabrigiæ, Novanglorum, 1809. Wells & Hilliard. 8vo.*

FROM the apostolic age to the beginning of the sixteenth century, a period of more than fourteen hundred years, the writings of the New Testament existed in manuscript. They must consequently have been exposed, like all other writings, to the various errors arising from transcription. And, as the multiplication of copies was far greater than of any other writing, these errors, to say nothing of the alterations which were